

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Messrs. Myers & Co., 37, King Street, Covent Garden.

No. 9.—VOL. XXVI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A large number of our Subscribers not having favoured us with their Subscriptions for the present quarter, we trust they will do so without delay, as we cannot afford to carry on the *Musical World* for amusement. Those Subscribers who may have paid the late Publisher (W. S. Johnson) for any portion of the current year, will seek a return of the amount from him, Messrs MYERS and Co. being accountable only for Subscriptions paid from January last.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

## MR. HORSLEY AND HIS "DAVID."

A NEW Oratorio was wanted at Exeter Hall, and especially by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Since *Elijah* first came out, this was the general cry. A new Oratorio was written, and with an eye to Exeter Hall, and with two eyes to the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mr. Charles Horsley, the son of one of England's oldest and best musicians, composed his *David*, with the view of filling up the vacancy complained of. But Mr. Charles Horsley reckoned without his host. He overlooked the fact that he was a native of Great Britain; or rather he did not take it into account, being quite unconscious, in the warmth of his enthusiasm and the innocence of his heart, that to gain access to Exeter Hall you must either be Mr. Perry, and have rendered services, or a German with a name already made, and that all the talent in the world, without one of these distinctions, would be of no avail. Nevertheless, Mr. Horsley finished his *David*, and offered it to the Sacred Harmonic Society, and, of course, was politely shown to the door, and went home with a heavy heart. Simple Mr. Horsley! Had he known a little less of music and a little more of the world, he would have taken his score anywhere but to Exeter Hall; or, having taken it to Exeter Hall, and received his "mittimus," would not have gone home with a heavy heart, but with a light; exclaiming, "I knew they would not have it, and am not disappointed." But so is human nature. *Experientia docet.*

*Experientia docet.* Mr. Charles Horsley did not return to Exeter Hall, but went down to Liverpool by the express train. At Liverpool he saw Mr. Sudlow. Mr. Sudlow presented him to the committee, or directors, or managers, whatever they may be called, of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and Mr. Horsley showed them his MS. It was a thick heavy book, with

many pages, and looked promising and portentous. The Philharmonic Society of Liverpool took the score into consideration, and having considered it, handsomely promised Mr. Horsley that they would bring it out in October, 1850.

In October, 1850, it was executed, before a large assembly, at the new Philharmonic Hall, the finest room in Europe, and succeeded so well, that not only Mr. Horsley was satisfied, but the Philharmonic Society; while, on their side, the subscribers were delighted, and declared they had not, for many a day, heard so fine a work.

Our readers cannot have forgotten that, late last summer, there was a private trial of *David*, in St. Martin's Hall. We have not forgotten it, but well remember that many of the band were absent, more of the chorus, and some of the soloists. We heard a few pieces and left the hall, satisfied that it was "no go." Better prophets, and greater enthusiasts than ourselves, however, were there. Mr. Addison of Regent-street, the music publisher, and Mr. Frederick Davison of the New Road, the organ manufacturer, were there, and heard enough of *David* to induce them to go to Liverpool, in October, and hear it again. At Liverpool, it would appear, they heard still more and liked it still better. Mr. Addison purchased the copyright, and published the Oratorio, in pianoforte score; and Mr. Davison joined with Mr. Addison in the speculation of producing it in London, at Exeter Hall, in the ensuing year, agreeing to incur all the expense and all the risk between them. Mr. Addison acted generously, and will be repaid for his enterprise; but Mr. Davison acted even more generously, since he can never be repaid for his enterprise, having no interest whatever in the work, beyond his esteem for the composer and his love for the art.

The result is known. On Monday, *David* was performed at Exeter Hall, with a band and chorus, and soloists, the best that London could produce, under the direction of the composer, and in the presence of an audience that filled the building to the walls. The elite of the musical profession, the most distinguished amateurs, and the most noted critics, were present. *David* was triumphant, in spite of a very imperfect execution, which, under the circumstances, could not be helped. *David* was triumphant. The committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society were among the audience; and their "masters of the ceremonies" showed the people to their seats, arrayed in all the insignia of office; and he members of their chorus assisted in the execution. *David* was triumphant at Exeter Hall; but the Sacred Harmonic Society had no hand in its triumph, which being observed by some individuals who knew

nothing of the machinery of these matters, the natural exclamation was—"Oh, Mr. Charles Horsley is an Englishman"—and the individuals who know nothing of the machinery of these matters, were apparently satisfied with the answer, not staying to analyse the cause of their satisfaction. Yet they joined heartily in the applause so liberally bestowed upon the young English composer; and so did the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and so did the gentlemen with the long sticks and white favours.

We shall not attempt to unravel all these mysteries. Why the Sacred Harmonic Society is in want of a new Oratorio would be easy enough to explain; but why, when one was ready to their hands and placed at their disposal, they refused it, would not be so easy to explain. We must therefore rest satisfied with the reason which satisfied the individuals who know nothing of the machinery of these matters—viz., that the composer was an Englishman, and, therefore, a rotten speculation.

When will Englishmen be Englishmen to each other? When will they make common cause, not against all the world,—that would be silly and unjust—but against their enemies and detractors, in their own defence, and to ensure themselves a share in the general welfare? Talent is of no country. Why, then, should English talent alone be disregarded, simply because it is English, when the very persons who present the cold shoulder to their countrymen are eager to acknowledge that Englishmen are not behind the rest of Europe in musical science and acquirement.

#### AN UNACKNOWLEDGED REFORMER.

We were the more gratified on Tuesday evening, at Mr. Sterndale Bennett's first *soirée*, at hearing Clementi's *Didone Abandonata*, which, among a heap of other fine works, has been so unjustly shelved and so generally forgotten by those who should best remember their obligations to its author—we mean, of course, the pianists—we were the more gratified, since it afforded us another welcome proof that the eclecticism of M. Alexandre Billet, in reference to piano-forte music, is taking root in every direction. In short, M. Billet, modestly seated on the platform of the lecture-room in St. Martin's Hall, quietly and unassumingly interpreting the sonatas and other things, unworthily thrown aside, of Dussek, Steibelt, and that giant tribe of pianists who lived at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, and who, in their peculiar line, may be compared to the poets and orators of our Georgian era—M. Billet thus tranquilly, though resolutely, telling his patrons from the east, north, north-east, and north-east-by-north, that a race of great spirits to whom the art owes much, flourished at this period, and created innumerable masterpieces, which the present generation, for the most part more flashy than solid, had condemned to oblivion, in jealousy of its own inferiority, or in admiration of a false idol, or from lack of energy to study and profit by them

—M. Billet, thus premonishing his hearers, and advising them not to mind what was said at Hanover Square, nor to believe that, in that exclusive temple, all the art possessed of worthy, all the types and generators of great styles and modifications of styles, were received, venerated, and expounded, but to listen to him, and he would show them many things worth their examination and reverence, of which Hanover Square knew little or nothing—M. Billet, thus sitting in the lecture room of St. Martin's Hall and on the platform, unobserved and unheeded by any but those immediately around him, may be styled (to parody the words of the poet) the unacknowledged reformer of the present taste in what concerns the music of the piano. By this, we do not mean that M. Billet is the only man of the present age who has the faith, the courage, and the love, to advocate the cause of the best music, (which would fare better, perhaps, without its *sobriquet* of "classical," to frighten away timid persons, otherwise inclined to be neophytes), but the only one whose talent has been declared so comprehensive, and, to repeat the word, *eclectic*, as to embrace all that is meritorious and worthy of preserving, instead of confining itself to the interpretation of classical pieces sure of a welcome from the public, on account of the immediate celebrity of their composers, or from the circumstance of their having been repeatedly played for so many years that they are familiar to the ear popular. M. Billet is not satisfied with playing the *Concert-Stück* of Weber, Hummel's *Septuor*, Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and one or two other things of the kind. M. Billet loves Beethoven and knows how to interpret him; and Mozart too, and Mendelssohn, and Weber, and Sebastian Bach, (never mind chronological order); and M. Billet remembers Dussek, and Steibelt, and Woelf, and Clementi, and Moscheles, and Pinto and Cramer, and Scarlatti, and, to jump over a century, Cipriani Potter, Stephen Heller, and Sterndale Bennett, with others whom we need not name, who have also done something for the pianoforte, and something that deserves to live, and something that should be played—or how can it be known and appreciated?

The life and genius of Dussek were devoted to the advancement of the pianoforte, which he enriched with countless productions, all of more or less merit, and all superior to nine-tenths of what is written and admired in the present day. What an ungrateful race, then, are our pianists of the hour, who owe him so much, and pay him nothing—not even an empty show of respect. We can well recall the difficulty with which the *Invocation*, the *Farewell*, and other magnificent inspirations, were forced into the library of the Royal Academy of Music. We remember it the more vividly, since our share in the controversy was not a mean one. Never can we forget the surprise and delight of Sterndale Bennett, fifteen years ago, when we took him a copy of the *Invocation*. In his comfortable study at the Academy, cheerfully lighted and warmed by a blazing fire, with a splendid new Broadwood "grand," just presented to him on the part of that munificent firm, the young pianist played it at



first sight, with such masterly perfection, that no amount of after practice and study could surpass. "It is a feast!" he exclaimed—and from that time the *Invocation*, and other great works by Dussek, began to creep into the educational repertoire of Ten-terden Street, until, gradually, they became, at least partially acknowledged. Sterndale Bennett's influence, even then, before his first performance at the Philharmonic Concerts, was of weight, since his genius had already declared itself in a brilliant manner. In Dussek he recognized a kindred spirit. Pardon the digression, reader.

The greatest claim to consideration, however, which M. Billet enjoys in this country, is wholly independent of his universality of taste and talent. M. Billet does what English pianists have hitherto neglected. He performs the works of English musicians, on the pianoforte. Does Lindsay Sloper ever introduce at his *soirées* a composition of Sterndale Bennett?—no. Or, *vice versa*, does Sterndale Bennett play Lindsay Sloper?—no. Or does one or the other ever think of venturing upon a sonata of Macfarren, or a caprice of Charles Horsley?—no, nor does Charles Horsley pay these any greater compliment. Englishmen despise each other's talents, and thus play into the hands of their common enemy, the alien. But M. Billet, a foreigner, a Russian, does not disdain to introduce the works of Englishmen. Not a single programme of his has appeared without the name of Sterndale Bennett, or Cipriani Potter, or Macfarren, or one of their compatriots. M. Billet, therefore, deserves well of English musicians, and of English critics. A foreigner, a Russian even, he has the courage and the wisdom to attempt, not merely what no other foreigner—even Charles Hallé, a German—has descended or ascended to perform, but what none of our native pianists have shewn the good-fellowship, or, to speak more openly, the plain common sense, to undertake. M. Billet's attempt has been successful. He has won his way with the public, and has been justly applauded by the press. He has gained a position to which he is justly entitled, and of which nothing can rob him, providing he continue in the same course.

M. Billet, a foreigner—a Russian—has been able to explain to Englishmen that English music is not always wholly unworthy of consideration. He has elevated himself in elevating them, and we shall rejoice if the example he has set be eventually productive of good. It is this mutual coldness and indifference to each other, this *sung froid*, this lack of *esprit de corps*, which lowers English musicians in the eyes of the world, and so long as he rooted in their policy will always drag them down to insignificance. An intelligent foreigner has shown them their folly. Let them profit by M. Billet's example.

#### MACREADY'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

The last appearance in his public capacity of the great tragedian took place at Drury Lane, on Wednesday evening. The interest excited for some time past by this event was

something unprecedented. No sooner was it announced that the farewell benefit was definitively arranged to take place at Drury Lane, than crowds assailed the box office for places, and, as in the case of the public dinner to be given to Mr. Macready this day at the Hall of Commerce, Royal Exchange, hundreds were disappointed in their applications. Every available seat was engaged as early as Monday last, although the upper boxes, slips and orchestra, were converted into stalls. No circumstance connected with theatrical affairs for the last quarter of a century excited so deep and universal a sensation in the public mind. The real popularity of Mr. Macready was hardly made manifest until the present occasion, when all London, it would appear, seemed desirous of paying homage to the genius of the artist and the worth of the man. As early as two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon multitudes had assembled at the doors of the pit and galleries, and all the windows in front of the theatre, both in Russell-street and Bow-street, were filled with spectators who, during the whole time, looked on with as much curiosity and interest as though some public festival of unusual moment were going forward. The *Times*, quoting an observation of some one in the crowd, observes that "the excitement caused by Jenny Lind was nothing to it." Indeed we can recall no event to which the sensation consequent on Mr. Macready's farewell benefit can be compared, unless it were Kean's first appearance after his return from America, and even that fell short of it in several particulars. Had the theatre been ten times as large, every part of it would have been occupied. The danger to be apprehended from the pressure of so vast an assembly was foreseen and provided against. A division of police were early on the ground, and exerted themselves in a most praiseworthy manner to prevent accidents; an open space was formed by which those who held tickets might gain easy access to the theatre. Within doors every precaution was taken to ensure, as far as was practicable, convenience to the visitors. But for such precautions there is no knowing to what the impetuosity of the throng might have led. In consequence of the boxes and slips being portioned off into stalls, there was comparatively little or no crush at the box entrance, but the scene which took place when the pit and gallery doors were opened, was frightful to contemplate. Fortunately but a small portion of the more tender sex ventured into the human vortex, and to this, coupled with the provision made inside, may be attributed the fact that not a single accident occurred. That the house was crowded from ceiling to floor; that numbers were present who, from being unable to catch a glimpse of the stage, could not be termed spectators, however they might constitute a part of the audience; that the *élite* of the rank and fashion of London, with the *litterati*, *connoisseurs*, and *amateurs* of all arts at present in the metropolis attended the performance; and that the aspect of the theatre was vastly brilliant and imposing, may be readily surmised. Perhaps Drury Lane never presented a more dazzling and striking appearance than on Wednesday night—not even when honoured by the presence of Royalty itself. Macready's sun may be declared, indeed, to have set in splendour and in glory.

In selecting Macbeth for his final essay, Mr. Macready was guided by two considerations; the one, because the Scottish Thane was acknowledged to be one of the most striking and finished impersonations in the whole range of his performances; the other, because he wished to show the public that, in undertaking one of the most arduous parts in the drama, his powers and energy were still unabated. It is unnecessary to allude in detail to Mr. Macready's performance of Macbeth on this occasion. Enough to say it exhibited all the intense vigour and

mastery of his best days. Nor need we dwell upon the unbounded enthusiasm of the audience during the whole evening; nor the tumultuous displays which took place on the first appearance of the actor and at the fall of the curtain after the death—all which had been done already on a smaller stage and chronicled by us in the *Musical World*; but we would fain describe the scene which took place when, having doffed his mimic robes for the last time, Mr. Macready came forward in plain clothes to speak his parting address. And here words absolutely fail us. The excitement at the Haymarket after the final performance there was tremendous: but the vast superiority of numbers at Drury Lane made all the difference in the intensity of the demonstration. It is only in such a house as Drury Lane that such a demonstration could have been witnessed. The instant Mr. Macready appeared every one in the house rose up, and the simultaneous cheer which greeted him was as deafening as twenty Niagaras. For several minutes this mighty roar of voices continued rising and swelling like the Atlantic waves when they oppose their strength to the fury of the south-west wind, and when they seemed to die away, wearied with their own battling, rose again gathering fresh vigour and broke forth into louder and fiercer elemental strife. At length the hurly-burly ceased, and Mr. Macready, who doubtless, at one time, must have been led to suppose he never would be allowed opportunity to speak, thus delivered his parting words:—

"My last theatrical part is played, and in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for as I look back on my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in most trying emergencies. I have, therefore, been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favour. The distance of five-and-thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering round me. All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me, is the devotion throughout those years of my best energies to your service. My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to leave in it the plays of our divine Shakespeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those who duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers, we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will henceforth be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command. I have little more to say. By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered slight and transient. I do not feel it so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me, will live with life among my most grateful memories; and, because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers, rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe I feel far more than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the

deepest gratitude, I take my leave, bidding you, ladies and gentlemen, in my professional capacity, with regret and most respectfully, farewell.

Such were the farewell words of one who for five and thirty years has been the *decus et tutamen* of the English stage; who has effected so much for that art, of which he was the uncompromising apostle, that his name will stand as a beacon for future aspirants to steer by; who restored Shakspeare from the defilement and blackening of managerial actors and desecrating meddlars to his native purity and light; who was the praised of all good men and the loved of the few; who, in the highest sense of the word, may be termed an honor to his country. The actor has passed from our eyes, but the name of William Charles Macready cannot die with his removal. Unfortunately, though he has bequeathed to us a host of imitators, he has left behind him no school. In order to possess "a school" emphatically speaking, we must have scholars of pretension; but the rising generation of actors affords us little hope of finding a disciple of Macready, much less one to succeed him. The scene has closed for ever on the "last of the Romans," and all that remains is—unavailing regret mingled with the pleasure, of the past.

#### MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

The seventh season of these refined and highly interesting Chamber Concerts began on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Mr. Bennett's usual *locale*, and was attended by a fashionable and distinguished audience, composed of the friends and pupils of the concert giver, and a large number of well-known connoisseurs and patrons of the musical art. Mr. Bennett provided, as usual, a programme of great attraction, in which variety and excellence were combined, and novelty, moreover, had a finger in the pie. Of the Chamber trio in A major, Op. 26, one of Mr. Bennett's most refined and artistic compositions, with which the performances commenced, it is unnecessary to say more than that it was played to perfection by the author, M. Sainanton, and Signor Piatti. The serenade—in which the neat and pointed pizzicato accompaniment of M. Sainanton contrasted beautifully with the singing tones of Signor Piatti's enchanted violoncello, in their turn mingling with the full and rich sounds which Mr. Bennett knows so well how to bring from the key-board—as it were, two rivers, the waters whereof mix not though into each other flowing, while a little rill sparkles and runs between the banks hard by, until at the end of its course it pleasantly drops itself into its parent stream—the serenade, which, without violence, may be thus described in figure, was, as we have already said, played to perfection, and, as we have not already said, encored unanimously. What proof of better taste could the audience have shown?

After this trio, without the intervention of a vocal piece, came a work by Clementi, which in its day was highly esteemed by the best judges, and counted among its author's master-pieces—we mean the grand sonata in G minor, entitled *Dido's Abandonata*.

This work consists of three long movements, the minuet, so common in what are conventionally termed "Grand Sonatas," being omitted. The intention of Clementi in this sonata was to describe in music the despair of Dido, after the departure of Eneas; and he succeeded in writing an elaborate piece of music with large outline, great freedom of expression, and considerable grandeur of development, which, except in the fact of the prevalent style of each movement being now melancholy and now passionate, it would be difficult to torture into any affinity with Dido and her ungrateful lover. Musi-



cians, however, from time immemorial, have enjoyed the privilege of a *carte blanche* in these matters; and, as a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, Clementi's sonata would not be any the less a work of remarkable merit, and a rare monument of his peculiar genius, were it distinguished by a less romantic and inexplicable nomenclature; nor would Mr. Bennett have played it better (indeed that were impossible); nor would his audience have listened to it with greater attention and interest.

The next instrumental piece was Bach's concerto in C minor, for two pianos, and quartet, instead of stringed orchestra, accompaniments. The two piano parts were superbly played by Mr. Bennett and Mr. W. Dorrell, one of the best pianists in England, and the quartet was entrusted to MM. Sainton, Blagrove, Weslake, and Piatti, whose united forces accomplished almost as much as a band of ordinary players could have compassed; but still the effect was not, and could not possibly be, the same. The *cheval de bataille* of the *soirée* was decidedly Mendelssohn's Sonata Duo in D major, played to admiration by Mr. Bennett and Signor Piatti. We never listened to a more complete and satisfactory performance of a great and imaginative composition. Indeed, such a pair of executants as Bennett and Piatti are rarely matched together. The *intermezzo* in B minor was an exquisite treat, and Piatti's recitative in the *adagio*, superlative.

Gluck's melodious "Che farò," and a song called "Lovely clouds," by Reissiger, charmingly given by Miss Williams, comprised the vocal part of the performance.

#### A VOICE FROM THE EAST.

Theatrical London, which bounded on the North by the Marylebone, on the West by H.M. Theatre, and on the South by the Surrey, is bounded on the East by the Grecian Saloon; it is this fact which enables the proprietor to state that his pieces are produced in a style of Eastern magnificence.

We don't think much of the Grecian Saloon at the West End, and we don't go there at all; but if an impartial critic could be caught and placed in a first floor, at a spot from which the distance to all the above theatres would be equal—a process which we are afraid would condemn the unfortunate man to Gray's Inn Lane—if the critic were then accommodated with money in advance and were sent forth to the East and to the West, to the North and to the South, with instructions to report faithfully on the merits of the said four boundary theatres, he would return the establishment of which the name is alone classical, as being the worst but one with regard to the general performances, and the best but one with regard to the structure of the theatre. The entire stage can be seen from every part of a very elegant house, but there is seldom anything on the stage worth seeing; the acting does not suit our view so well as the architect has done. Farces are played there about as well as at any other minor theatre, melodramas and dramas not so well as at the Surrey, and operas as badly as possible, that is to say, as badly as one would have thought possible, had the Soho Theatre in Dean-street never been opened for operatic purposes. Many of the principal singers are good enough, but the orchestra is wild and ungovernable, and the chorus and *corps de ballet* are one and the same. Who shall explain this mystery? What was the previous existence of these young ladies? Are they ladies of the *ballet* who have been forced into singing, or "ladies of the chorus," who have been driven to dancing, and would it be more rational to expect the dumb to sing, or to ask the lame to dance?

The Grecian Saloon has a pit which unites the advantages of any other theatrical pit with those of a tavern. The "spirited proprietor" is licensed to act plays and sell grog—as a general rule we prefer his grog. If any one should ever presume to deny the "elevating" tendency of the drama, tell him to go to the pit of the Grecian Saloon, and drink six tumblers of brandy and water.

It was not because we had been told to do anything of the kind that we visited the "Eagle" on Monday last. (N.B.—The "Eagle" is the comprehensive name for the theatre, a large tavern, three small taverns, five refreshment rooms, sixteen bars, and a concert room. It is supposed that the lines in *Marmion*—"Its wings shall the Eagle flap, o'er the false-hearted," had reference to one of the mysterious young ladies already alluded to, who borrowed three and sixpence from the gifted author, in order to elope with the prompter's boy.) The reason, then, why we visited the "Eagle" on Monday last was, for the purpose of being present at the benefit of a Miss Kate Desmond, who has claims to the support of every writer in the press (we mean in a literary sense), independently of those which are derived from her own talents. The name "Desmond" is not only warlike in sound, but is in fact a *nom de guerre*; the real name of the young lady to whom we wish to attract attention being identical with that of her father, familiarly known as Tom Dibdin, and the author of the *Cabinet*, the burlesque on *Don Giovanni*, *Mother Goose*, and two or three hundred other pieces, many of which have kept the stage and brought a good deal of money to various managers. This young lady's father was also manager of the Surrey, Saddler's Wells, and other theatres, and must have given employment to many persons who now have it in their power to procure an engagement for his daughter at some civilized theatre. He was, moreover, a writer on the newspaper press, and many of his *confreres* who will see this article know that they could do the same.

An excellent paper appeared in *Household Words* some time since, in which the writers of England were reproached with wanting *esprit de corps*, and were exhorted to unite in a demonstration in favour of Kinkel, who was then in prison in Germany. Now the operation of "kicking against the pricks" has been an unsuccessful one from the days of St. Paul downwards, and no pen could ever have picked the lock of Kinkel's prison door, but it would only require some writer who has influence at theatres to go to the expense of a postage stamp, (he can get his "slips" for nothing at the office where he is employed), and to the trouble of writing two lines in order to do a real service to a young lady who has far more direct claims upon his sympathy than any number of Kinkels could have. Of course the objection would upset all that we have said in favor of Miss Desmond—i. e. absence of talent on her part. It happens, however, that she has talent, and that her talent is remarkably great—a fine opportunity in fact exists for a manager doing himself a great service under the pretext of benefiting Miss Desmond. We have seen many of her father's plays, and are decidedly of opinion that she is his *chef d'œuvre*, and we are certain that when she is engaged at the West End she will prove the most popular of all his productions.

#### JOANNA BAILLIE.

(From the Times.)

We regret to announce the decease of Joanna Baillie, a poet whose fame is indelibly inscribed on the annals of our literature, and whose genius, remarkable in character, has received

the homage of the most exalted of her contemporaries. Born in the year 1762, in the manse of Bothwell, near Glasgow, of which place her father was minister, her great age connected her with a period signalised by the most remarkable events, and equally so by the great intellectual impulse which then leavened the social mass. At the end of the last century a crowd of distinguished persons appeared in every department where eminence could be attained, and the names of Rogers, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Scott, shortly to be succeeded by some equally celebrated, prove that in poetry the period was particularly rich. The works of Joanna Baillie, which then appeared anonymously, created as great a sensation as any production of the great authors abovementioned, and the impression which was the result of their first appearance was much heightened when, contrary to all expectation, they were found to be the writings of a woman. This impression was still further increased when it was discovered that the authoress was still young, had always led a secluded life, and had, therefore, by the force of imagination alone bodied forth productions usually the result of experience and much intercourse with the world. Her works are marked by great originality and invention, for the foundations of her dramas are not in general historical, nor stories from real life, but combinations wrought out from her own conceptions. Her knowledge of the human heart, of its wide range of good and of evil, of its multifarious, changeable, and wayward nature, was great, and her power of portraying character has rarely been exceeded. Her language is simple and forcible, while the illustrations and imagery, often suggested, probably, by the picturesque localities where her youth was passed, are copious and effective. Her female portraits are especially beautiful, and possess an unusual degree of elevation and purity. Several of her dramas have been acted. John Kemble and his gifted sister sustained the chief characters of *De Montfort* upon several occasions, and the elder Kean selected the same tragedy for one of his benefit nights. The *Family Legend* obtained a considerable run in Edinburgh, where Sir Walter Scott, the warm friend and great admirer of Joanna Baillie, exerted himself with all that generous feeling which distinguished his character to promote its success. He wrote a prologue to this tragedy, while the author of the *Man of Feeling* contributed the epilogue. The *Separation* and *Henriette* have, in more modern times been acted, but the writings of Joanna Baillie are rather adapted for reading than the stage. Their peculiar imagery and delicate beauties are lost in our great theatres, and they are perhaps not sufficiently forcible in action, nor rapid in development to impress a large and promiscuous audience. The disadvantages under which a woman must labour, especially when unmarried, in obtaining access to the stage, and familiarising herself with the causes which produce success, contributed to their comparative failure, and under more favourable circumstances it is difficult to say what degree of eminence as a dramatic writer she might not have gained. Though her fame tended greatly to draw her into society, her life was passed in retirement. It was pure and moral in the highest degree, and was characterised by the most consummate integrity, kindness, and active benevolence. She was an instance that poetical genius of a high order may be united to a mind well regulated, able and willing to execute the ordinary duties of life in an exemplary manner. Gentle and unassuming to all, with an unchangeable simplicity of manner and of character, she counted many of the most celebrated for talent and genius among her friends, nor were those who resorted to her modest home confined to the natives of this country, but many from various parts of Europe, and especially from America, sought introductions to one whose fame is commensurate with a knowledge of English literature.

### Foreign.

HAVANA, JAN. 1, 1851.—Jenny has given four concerts in Havana, and has now settled down to take two weeks of rest in the mild and sunny tranquillity of the island previous to her departure for New York. And indeed it is a pleasant spot in the winter. Warm as a New York summer, the day passes through in idleness. The evening air fanned by the fresh sea-breeze cools down until the town awakens into activity. *Volantes* throng in the streets, and circulate in the *Pasco*. The ladies rise and sit by their open windows, and all is again life and energy; if indeed anything can be called energy in the lazy life of an actual Habanero. Nothing can be more delightful than the landscape some miles beyond the turns in the early evening, as the sun is sinking beneath the horizon. The broad blue sky coping the landscape, beginning to sport with innumerable stars, and the scattered palm-trees rising against the sky on every side.

Jenny has conquered a host of prejudices, and stamped herself as the greatest singer who ever made her appearance here. This must seem easy to you who know what Steffanoni, Bosio, and Tedesco can do. But remember in Havana there was a strong feeling against her on the score of her not being an Italian; true, this was not entertained by the upper classes. The nobility of the capital of Cuba having welcomed her very warmly. These however constituted but a small portion of the public, who were decidedly in favor of every thing Italian. Moreover there was a curious sort of dislike to Barnum current in the island. He was associated with all sorts of memories of Tom Thumb and the Giant, and allusions to the woolly horse had crept into the papers; consequently every chance appeared to be against Jenny Lind; and one who had not heard her might reasonably have entertained considerable doubts respecting her success. The papers were anything but friendly to her. The *Diario* was peculiarly hostile, and the others, excepting the *Faro*, were cool in the extreme. However the evening of her first concert came and the Tacon Theatre was full to the ceiling. It was said that the house contained as much as 15,000 dollars, and I think this highly probable.

When Jenny Lind came on the stage the audience gave a partial burst of applause. This subsided, and they hushed to hear her. It was obvious they were determined to judge her, and not in the most kindly manner. I shall never forget the look that passed over Jenny's countenance when she saw this. It was a mixture of pride and resolution. The orchestra commenced, and Jenny began the "Care Campagne." Nobly did she sing this *scena*. Two or three partial bursts of applause occurred from time to time, but they were instantly hushed by the larger portion of the audience, and she was suffered to bring it to an end. Scarcely had she done so, than the audience burst into one of the loudest shouts of applause I have ever heard. She was recalled three times. However, she was not encored. In fact, since Marini's singing the duet from the *Puritani*, (which was encored so frequently, in consequence of its allusions to Freedom, that the house was obliged to be cleared out at the point of the bayonet, in order to stop the expression of popular opinion, while Marini was imprisoned until he had made an apology for not having complied with the exactions of the censor), all encores which have not the permission of the Governor have been forbidden. On this occasion, nevertheless, the Lieutenant Governor relaxed from the strictness of his rule, and an officer waited on Jenny Lind at the conclusion of the first part, to say she would be at liberty to accept any encore offered her. In consequence, when called forward at the conclusion of the "Casta Diva," which she sang gloriously, she



accorded the repetition of the air to the fourth call for her appearance, and gave it once more, to the intense delight of the audience. This is a striking reproof to the musical taste of New York. Jenny Lind sings this air better than any singer we have yet had amongst us, yet it has invariably been received coldly in our city. How is this? On the second evening when she appeared, the "Qui la Voce" was rewarded with such a shower of bouquets that the stage seemed actually paved with them.

Her great triumph, however, in Havana, has been the "Percho non ho." This was rapturously applauded. I have never heard anything more splendidly sung, or more meriting the shouts of applause awarded it. However, on the evening of the last concert, Friday, her crowning triumph took place. When the curtain fell, she was summoned seven or eight times, and only when the audience were too fatigued to applaud, they desisted from doing it. Belletti also has been much liked, although on the first evening little notice was taken of him. On the second the audience took time to appreciate and applaud him, and he received two *encores*, of which the warmest was given to Rossini's *Tarantella*. Benedict has had a disagreeable time of it. The Italian orchestra seemed determined to do their worst. One of them who was well in the morning would be ill and absent in the evening. Another would have played correctly at the rehearsal, who performed altogether incorrectly at the concert. A third would be missing without any explanation or apology. In fact, everything that could be done was done to embarrass and annoy Benedict. It is, however, but right not to include Bottesini in our summary of the merits of this gentlemanly band of musicians, as that great performer did not play with them on the occasion of the Jenny Lind concerts.

Jenny Lind seems enchanted with the island. The *dolce far niente* is excessively agreeable in this atmosphere—and she means to enjoy it. She is now living in a pleasant house on the *Pasco*. Barnum and Miss Barnum are stopping with her. This must be an awful nut to crack for those who amused themselves with inventing tales of discord between Jenny and the able *entrepreneur*, who is carrying about a small opera troupe for the sake of giving the public such an entertainment as they have never probably before had, in the greater portion of the United States. I have occasionally been brought into close contact with them, and have never seen anything approaching a difference; nor do I believe there has been anything of the sort. If there had, neither of the parties would have any hesitation in cancelling the agreement. But this is mere talk: it may have been or not as other differences which have existed and died away. My next letter will be dated from New Orleans, where I intend going by the first sailing vessel from Havana.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mr. Lumley, having superintended the prospectus for his forthcoming season at her Majesty's Theatre, London, has returned to Paris to preside at the first performance of Halevy's *Tempesta*, which is to be produced with Madame Sontag, Lablache, Gardoni, and Rosati, in place of Carlotta Grisi. The first appearance of Mlle. Barbiere Nina, about whom such great expectations prevail, is looked forward to with anxiety by all musical Paris. Permission to re-open the *Theatre Historique* for spectacles and melodramas has been positively refused, and a third lyric theatre will be the consequence. The press almost unanimously condemn this decision. Mlle. Masson has reappeared at the Grand Opera as Leonora, in the *Favorite*, in which a new barytone, M. Laurent, took the part of Balthazar. Ceritto's engagement is shortly expiring, and Pagnerett, having

proved a partial failure, her performances have been varied by *Stella*, *La Vivandiere*, *Le Violon du diable*, &c. &c. Cerrito goes to Spain, and will be succeeded by Flora Fabri. In a few days Rosenheim's long expected opera, *Le Demon de la Nuit*, will be produced, after which M. Gounod's *Sappho* positively goes into rehearsal. A new opera *buffon*, the music by Grisar, called *Pantalon*, has been produced at the Opera Comique with the greatest success. The new play of *Valeria*, in which Rachel has two parts, has again been postponed.

It is, we believe, pretty certain, that Mr. Lumley has engaged Madame Ugalde, the extraordinary singer, for some of his "off nights."

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER is still in Paris, giving Shaksperian readings at Herz's Rooms. Among her audience on the first night was Mademoiselle Rachel, who appeared deeply interested. The play was *Hamlet*. The French press has welcomed Mrs. Butler with unusual cordiality. Mr. Mitchell went to Paris to prepare for Mrs. Butler's reception, and on his departure to return home, left the entire superintendence to Mr. Chapman, his valuable and intelligent representative. The *Tempesta* was produced last night.

ANGERS.—Madame Montenegro has been singing during the last week at Angers with the same success which accompanied her performances at Tours. She has been assisted by Signor and Madame Santiago, who have been likewise received with especial favour in this favored *sejour of the ancienne noblesse of France*. To use the expression of the Director, "*La salle n'etait pas apres grande*," to accommodate the members who have besieged the theatre since their engagement.

### Original Correspondence.

"THE FLUTE CONTROVERSY."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

February 19th, 1851.

SIR.—Allow me once again to trespass on your columns. My object in writing to you my former letter was an object which you are better able to judge of than the public—an object pure and disinterested—with the hope of ultimately effecting some good for that large class of musicians who are suffering grievously from the Flute Controversy. Under this term of musician I include all who study that instrument as an instrument should be studied: with patience, with assiduity, and in a proper artistic manner; and from which I exclude all who study it out of pure fashion's sake, and who love, for the sake of notoriety, to form one little figure in that knot of grave and serious men who are engaged in solving or working out this much-to-be-lamented difference. Your columns have before now teemed with productions, personal and one-sided, relative to this matter. In good-will you have suffered thus far. I should be sorry to see them renewed again; such is not my wish; but my wish is, if possible, to lead those most interested in the matter to see the folly of continuing wars and disputations which will end in no good to themselves or others.

I shewed before the different classes of flutes which in the short space of ten years had been thrown upon the world. Varieties they can scarcely be called, for they are almost distinct *genera*. The controversy which before lay between Böhm and Nicholson seems now renewed under another name:—viz., the differences and advantages of the open and short-keyed systems. Böhm, it will be remembered, was the originator of the former, the other party have reverted to the old way. It is not my intention to draw a comparison here by way of criticism, "*non omnes omnia laudant, amantque*;" but I shall confine myself to the general evil. And what is this? Is it that the first flute professors of the country are really so disunited in opinion as to think either best? Is it that within a

few months\* one can express his opinion in a published pamphlet of the metallic cylindrical flute as being *harsh, shrill, unvoiced* in sound, and *injurious* for the use of persons having weak lungs; † another of its tone being *superior* to wood, *soft, resonant, sweet*, and requiring so little exertion "that it can be played on by the *most delicate* person?" Is it that one shall say the open-keyed system is productive of *veiled* sounds, the other that it is wholly free from such mischief?

Let us, then, calmly inquire into the cause of these strange discrepancies. Professors of the flute were once united, now they are like a rope of sand. The evil, Sir, I fear, is not so much in choice as in interest. The truth is, that London flute professors have of late years become too much interested in the sale of their instruments. I speak this with much caution, but also with a sense of its truth. Formerly they applied themselves to their art solely; now they attend a little too much to the shop; and the result is, they are given up now to the construction of that which before they were content to turn to a beautiful and a practical art. I believe there are very few of our English Flute professors who are not in some way or other interested in the sale of instruments. I trust they may not be offended at my free speaking. The number of amateur players on that instrument gives them a field for disposing of their inventions which others have not; and, though I do not say they are servile enough to sell their honest opinions for mercenary considerations only, yet I do say that this, coupled along with some honourable ambition to be first in the field, is the cause of this serious controversy now prevailing. Mark what has been said within a few weeks by Mr. Carte in his recent pamphlet:

"That my flute has been adopted by Messrs. Rudall and Rose, and that I have consequently been admitted a partner into their firm, has been a source of great gratification to myself; *I am thus enabled to construct their instruments,*" &c. &c.

Now, sir, is it possible, under these circumstances, that that eminent professor can ever hereafter countenance or recommend any but his own flutes, were the improvement ever so far beyond his? The flute, it is justly said, is in a transition state, and therefore all have a right to try their hand upon it. True. But let not those who do so be so fettered by the investment of their entire interests in it, as almost compelled to advocate their own as the best, whatever that be. Artists, to be conscientiously free, ought to have nothing to do with the sale or make of instruments. Let them construct, invent, or improve, but let them, in God's name, sell their inventions to the maker at the best premium, and be free thenceforward to unite together for each other's good, and for the promotion of the general cause:—viz., the advancement of their art. It may be said, that in the case of the pianoforte, several distinguished professors have headed or joined large firms for the sale of instruments. *Clementi*, for example. But the cases are not parallel. There has been no such complete revolution of construction in the one as the other, nor anything to equal the rivalry, jealousy, and contention; nor even has this business been entered on by them generally until their term of labour as artists had for the benefit of the art been honourably carried out. It may be asked, what is the remedy for all this? I shall content myself now with simply discovering the *evil*,—although the *remedy* I think feasible enough, I shall at present waive its discussion. One thing, in conclusion, I shall remark. Why is it that foreign professors of the flute have well-nigh monopolised our desks in orchestra, at opera, and at concert? It seems evident enough. Their time is spent *more* upon the art, *less* upon their merchandise. Artists come from abroad, and literally take away the post of honour from our best professors. Let me advise these last, as wise and as honest men, to consider if they are serving themselves best as they are now doing? If they are serving the public best by putting forth such counter statements as I have above quoted?

\* J. Clinton. "Treatise upon the Flute." London: Potter and Co.

† R. Carte. "Sketch of Improvements made on the Flute." London: Rudall and Rose.

and if they are serving their art best by crippling that which ought to be made plain and smooth for all?

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

MARSYAS.

FRANZ ZELLIER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Crediton, February 25th, 1851.

MR. EDITOR,—I should feel extremely obliged if you, or any of your numerous correspondents, could inform me at what publishers I can procure a song called "The Nightingale," by Franz Zellier, with an accompaniment for the horn or violoncello. I give you the first two bars of the melody, which I write from mere recollection of hearing it once, and which, I think, is tolerably correct.

Yours respectfully,

AN AMATEUR.

(We shall feel obliged to any publisher or reader who can inform our correspondent on this matter.—Ed.)

### Dramatic Intelligence.

OLYMPIC.—*Sixtus V.* still maintains the success it achieved on the first night of its production and continues to attract large audiences. But Mr. W. Farren does not consider the success of one piece a sufficient reason for keeping away other novelties. A new comedieta, called *That Odious Captain Cutter*, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, was produced on Monday evening with decided success. The plot is exceedingly fragile and slight; but the dialogue is particularly neat and smart, and takes emphatically with the audience. The principal parts were supported by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Leigh Murray, who, the one as a captivating widow looking out for a husband, and the other as a dashing captain, keep up the shuttlecock of interest between them during the performance. We commend *That Odious Captain Cutter* to the consideration of our readers, and would not spoil their treat by detailing the story. The author obeyed a unanimous call at the end and bowed from his box.

### Reviews of Music.

"MUSIDORA"—POLKA MAZURKA—ADRIEN TALEXY. Campbell, Ransford, & Co.

A very good specimen of its class, lively, pretty, well accented and easy to execute without being trivial; not strikingly original; but who, in the year 1851, looks for absolute novelty in a "new" Mazurka, much more in a new "Polka Mazurka," will look in vain; the type has been exhausted, and M. Talexky has done all that can be expected of an ordinary man, in producing a very pleasing imitation. Chopin's Mazurkas are but the effigies of old tunes, dressed up in fantastic basses and harmonies, which hardly improve them even when they do not spoil them.

"KONIGSBERG POLKA," composed and dedicated to Miss ELLEN BOOSEY, by C. M. T. Boosey & Co.

C. M. need not be ashamed of his name, though that would not make the "Konigsberg Polka" better or worse. We have insinuated just above, that to search after absolute novelty in a "Polka Mazurka," would terminate in a "non trover." In a Polka pure, however, the case would appear to be different, if we may be allowed to judge from the present specimen. The first part of C. M.'s "Konigsberg Polka," while strictly preserving the character and accent of the dance, resembles no other example with which we are acquainted; in addition to which it is animated and catching. The second part (the *trio*) is not so new, although decidedly pretty and well adapted to its object. The "Konigs-



berg Polka" may pass muster among the best that have been lately given to the public.

"JUBEL POLKA"—H. SCHRÖDER. T. Boosey and Co.

Polkas seem to be at a premium, and good polkas too. The "Jubel Polka" is a good polka; not that it can vie with C. M.'s polka in originality, however it may be equally well suited for the *salle de danse*. The opening is distinguished for marked rhythm, and a readily caught tune, which, while resembling a great many others, has yet something of its own. The second phrase, in the minor key, is quaint, and the *trio*, in the subdominant, quaint. In the second part of this, however (two lines from the bottom), the first nine lowest notes of the bass should be omitted, which would correct two errors of harmony—an unprepared chord of the 6-4, and consecutive octaves (A-G, A-G) between treble and bass. The same correction should be made two bars further on, and the "Jubel Polka" would then be unassailable.

"LA GORLITZA"—J. G. CALLCOTT. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

This is the first time we have heard of "La Gorlitz," although, according to the title page, "a celebrated dance." The opening, which is light and airy, reminds us of a species of figure which the Parisians call "L'Anglaise," why or wherefore we leave to be decided by the "cugini sectores" in such important matters, to which advancement we lay no claim. All the rest, commencing from the second half of page 3, which is lighter and airier, might be termed "Polka," without offence either to Jullien or Albert of Newcastle. Mr. J. G. Calcott's prolific fancy, which is never more abundantly displayed than in the exudation of strains Terpsichorean, is here profusely declared. It is to him indifferent in what costume his inspirations may be attired; as polka, *deux-temps*, *contredanse*, or *valse* simple, they are equally saucy and seductive. This gifted weaver of cantos choregraphic is always at home in his department, with appropriate phrases ever ready to do his bidding and cause the plastic toe to poise on the impetus of saltatory evolution. The "Gorlitz," whatever may be its precise status in the category of polite chorephéism, is a boon for the ball-room; and if it become, as we suspect, widely popular, will doubtless give birth to a swarm of imitations, of which more anon. Mr. Calcott has supplied a cornet-à-piston accompaniment, *ad libitum*, with his accustomed foresight.

"THE TANTALIZING POLKA"—G. MONREAL. I. Williams.

The "Tantalizing Polka" is tantalizing. We remember, we remember—no, "I remember, I remember," &c., a once popular ditty, now doomed to dust—this is the well from whence Mr. Monreal, with the bucket of his experience, has pulled up the first two bars of his opening phrase; which, as they recur frequently, eventually become "tantalizing," and give a colour of verisimilitude to the title he has adopted. The second part, with the full chords on the unaccented divisions of the bar, is better, and, if not painfully original, is really effective. The first *trio*, in the key of the Polka, (page 2), is somewhat common, and the octaves between treble and bass (A-A, line 4, bar 1—and line 5, bar 4), do not exalt it. Mr. Monreal should add a D to the bass chord, and strike out the A. Much the best part of the Polka is the second *trio*, in the subdominant (page 3). This is both pretty and original and consequently not "tantalizing," like the rest. Why Mr. Monreal should have adopted so odd a nomenclature for this Polka (which we understood was performed with great success last season at the Surrey Zoological Gardens) we leave to the decision of such of our cotemporaries as may be inclined to give their impartial attention to the subject.

"AH! WOULD THAT I COULD LOVE THEE LESS." Words by MARY JANE ANDREWS. Ballad. Composed and dedicated to MRS. SIMS REEVES, by M. W. BALFE. Campbell, Ransford, & Co.

This graceful ballad has all the popular characteristics of its author's lighter manner, and is cunningly disposed to fit the voice and peculiar expression of the favoured songstress to whom it is

dedicated. The verses treat familiarly of a familiar topic—a gentleman who wishes that he could love a lady less, or that the lady could love him more, who thinks of her "amid the crowd in hours alone," and muses on her "parting tone," while the sigh is on his "lip," and tears "brim o'er" his eyes, which may be compared to cups with reversed apertures, posed horizontally; a gentleman, who wishing that he could love a lady less, or that she could love him more, thinks of her "in wintry hours of desolating rest," and loves the "mournful winter best," because it is like his heart; in short, a gentleman who, under the above circumstances, "cannot wake the melodies of joy" he prized before, and therefore, &c. &c. &c. We have insinuated that this was a familiar theme, and so it is; but we have not often seen it treated more sentimentally. Mr. Balfe has married the words, the composition of Miss Jane Andrews, to one of his most *recherché* ballad tunes, vocal and plaintive, although not in the minor key (Mr. Balfe is not obliged to resort to the minor key for tears—like Rossini, he can shed them in the major), and appealing to drawing-room sympathies, although there is no symphony for the cornet-à-pistons, and no *obligato* accompaniment neither. Indeed, none better than the gifted composer of the *Bohemian Girl* knows how to supply an enterprising music-publisher with a ballad to order, a ballad which is sure to please the multitude of ballad singers and ballad hearers, and consequently sure to sell—the more than probable destiny of "Ah! would that I could love thee less."

"HE THAT GATHERETH IN SUMMER"—Sacred Song. Written by F. W. N. BAYLEY. Composed by JOHN BARNETT.

"THE SABBATH EVE"—Sacred Song. Written by F. W. N. BAYLEY. Composed by JOHN BARNETT. T. Chappell

Mr. John Barnett's name is always welcome, even when attached to trifles, since his trifles are always graceful, however in form and length they may be unpretending. The present songs, although wholly unelaborate, cannot be classed under the generic name of "trifles." On the contrary, they are agreeable and valuable additions to our stock of sacred music for the chamber. The first, in E flat, "He that gathereth in summer," is a cheerful melody, enriched and qualified with a peculiar distribution of harmony, which, without destroying its cheerful character, invests it with a feeling of devotion. The first and second verses, though harmonized alike, are contrasted by a change in the figure of the accompaniment; the full chords of the first verse being replaced by triplets in the second. A good surprise and a beautiful effect are obtained by the entirely different treatment of the third couplet, which represents a kind of coda, while the triplet accompaniment is carried on through a variety of harmonious progressions with the utmost skill. The unexpected progression from A flat minor to C flat major occurring on the word "weep," with the subsequent enharmonic change to B major which follows, and modulates naturally back to the key of E flat, is a charming idea and gives a grateful relief to the rest. The song in its way is, a gem.

"The Sabbath Eve," in G, though strictly devotional in feeling and containing some attractive passages, is less entirely to our liking. The melody has not the same individuality of character which distinguishes its predecessor. It is written, however, with that refinement of feeling which invariably prevents the compositions of Mr. John Barnett from being confounded with those of ordinary thinkers. The opening symphony would be beautiful but for a point at the beginning of the fourth bar, in which, it seems to us, that the melody is in G minor and the accompaniment in G major; and the opening phrase of the song would be equally beautiful but for the passage in the last bar, line 3, which, for want of a pedal note, leaves the ear in vague doubt of the key intended. These with submission. The passage of sequence in the symphony at the end of each verse is, however, beautiful, and the interrupted cadence from the 7th on D to the chord of E, with the subsequent progression back to G, is new, which is saying a great deal now-a-days, when every body copies every body.

Both these songs of Mr. John Barnett are worth the attention of our singers of sacred music, and would gracefully replace some

of the rapid effusions with which they are wont, too often, to regale their audience.

N.B.—Will Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, the author of the verses, kindly inform us what he precisely means by "obeying the *sunshine word*?" And also what he precisely means by his "younger hymn" being "like the lark, poean'd in brighter mood?" We have tried in vain to reduce them into English.

"THE LOST PLEIAD" Written by W. H. BELLAMY. Composed by JOHN BARNETT. T. Chappell.

That this is a pretty and elegant ballad cannot be denied; that, from the lips of a popular and skilful singer, or of an accomplished lady amateur, it would please generally, is equally irrefutable; and that it is well written nobody will doubt, seeing that it bears the name of Mr. John Barnett. But that it is original we are not prepared to say. It too evidently recalls melodies that are well known and time-honoured, which must have been humming in Mr. Barnett's mental ears while he was writing, until, unconsciously, he conveyed their impression upon his own paper. The subject of the words is a girl, who died unexpectedly at sixteen; "an exquisite creature," the youngest of a group of "exquisite creatures," her sisters, whose "rarely equalled graces" (so says the *affiche* imprinted in red letters upon the forehead of the song, from the MS. of a Friend of Lady —, who has obliged the publisher by allowing him to attach a short memoir, *entrecoûpe* by blanks, of the young victim of consumption, and help the sale of the ballad) whose "rarely equalled graces" (so says the red letter imprint, bordered with gilded effigies of roses, daisies, and forget-me-nots)—"whose rarely equalled graces, *no less than their number*," won for them, in aristocratic circles, the "well-deserved title of the Pleiads." Our objection to this song—written by W. H. Bellamy, Esq., and beginning—

"Like a fair, fresh, gentle flower  
In her loveliness she lay"—

is, that it should be one of the numberless class of songs for consumptive patients. We hate consumptive songs, and hold that consumption is no more a fit subject for drawing-room music than the scarlet fever, stone in the kidneys, or any other calamity with which humanity is afflicted. If they must be written and published, they should be dedicated solely to members of the medical profession, entered at Apothecaries' instead of Stationers' Hall; and, under the title of "Lays for the Hospital," or "Songs for the Sick Chamber," or "Chants for the Charnel-house," be addressed to the most learned of our leeches, sold at Savory and Moore's, and at the principal chymists and druggists, for the especial edification of hypochondriacs, monomaniacs, and invalids in general.

"WHY DID SHE LEAVE ME?"—Words by S. E. CARPENTER. Music by JAMES PERRING. C. J. Williams.

The fault of this ballad is certainly not originality. The opening strongly reminds us of "Jeannette and Jeanot,"—too strongly indeed, to allow of its being fairly passed over without a word of comment. The second part, however, is Mr. Perring's rightful property; and the ballad—which treats of Ellen, who was brought up with Edward in childhood, leaving Edward because he was poor, marrying another because he was rich, riding in her carriage in the Park, meeting Edward with bended gait and haggard eye, and regretting her fickleness at the thirtieth hour, just too late to mend it, as is the case invariably when Ellen thus unworthily treats Edward, or *vice versa*, in music or in distich—will be welcomed as a new ballad from the author of "The Fair Maids of England" must always be welcomed by the admirers of the "The Fair Maids of England," and as such we may recommend it.

"MADELEINE"—VALE BRILLANTE—BRINLEY RICHARDS. A. W. Hammond.

Mr. Brinley Richards might have called his Valse "brillante et elegante," since it is both, and easy to boot, and capable of effect without the slightest effort on the part of the performer. It is in the key of A flat, and lies extremely well for the hand, and the scale passages, while adding to the showiness of the *morceau* and flattering the *amour propre* of the performer, in no way in-

crease its difficulties, or stand in the path of the most moderate mechanical powers. "Madeleine" is a favourable specimen of that particular class of piece, combining brilliancy and facility which few writers for the piano of the present day effect more happily than Mr. Brinley Richards. It is a boon to drawing-room performers in general. By the title-page we learn it is dedicated to the late Mr. Henry Boys.

"THE GITANA POLKA"—JEAN DELILLE. Harry May.

A trifle, but a sparkling and agreeable one, which, while demanding no labour to execute, can hardly fail to please those who hear it. It is, moreover, calculated to invite dancers to dance, polkers to polk. Many a worse polka, indeed, has passed muster.

"THE ISABELLA POLKA." P. EZEKIEL.

"THE HONEYMOON POLKA." DITTO.

"THE UNIVERSAL POLKA." DITTO. H. White.

Mr. Ezekiel has performed a task by no means easy, having written three polkas, not only in different keys and bearing different names, but resembling each other in no particular, except in that of the necessary measure and rhythm. Each of them is lively, each of them well contrasted in respect of trio and principal theme, and each of them essentially a polka; which is to say, not Cracovienne, or Polonaise, or figure de *contradanse*, but pure, unadulterated polkas, very easy to play, very pleasant to dance to, and by no means ungrateful to hear. We do not like instituting comparisons, but as the publisher has sent us the three polkas together—*trio juncta in uno*—we are forced out of our ordinary habit and compelled to strike a preference. Our favourite of the three then, is the "Isabella" (in D-major of course). This is peculiarly animated, and more brilliant than the others, which may explain its dedication to Mons. Appolinaire de Konstki of the "pizzy-arco" and monochord. Next to "Isabella" we should choose the "Honeymoon" (in F). The Honeymoon and Isabella *se trouvent bien ensemble*. This is dedicated to Madame F. Eskell, of Manchester, who should be gratified with the compliment. The "Honeymoon" is not so dashing and vivacious as "Isabella," but, placed in contact, suggests a pleasing affinity. The "Universal" (in B flat), is more simple, in short so simple, that it may be styled "bucolic." Mr. Ezekiel has, no doubt, styled it "universal," because, being commodiously adapted to the general finger, it can be touched by every pianist great and small. The first theme is light and pretty, but the trio in E flat, with its reiterated notes, is somewhat common, although this is fully redeemed by a short and spirited coda. Mr. Ezekiel deserves thrice credit for having thrice essayed his wings so successfully in the Polka atmosphere, and thrice sustained his flight so high that the pellets of the sportsman (critic) fail to hit him. He is not game for their guns.

### Provincial.

YORK.—The "inimitable" Mr. Parry, who holds such sway over the risible faculties of every audience, wherever he shows himself, gave his concert on Monday last, in the De Grey Rooms, in this city. The entertainment was so profusely full of "Notes," that it is a matter of wonder how a single individual can repeat so much prose and music with so little apparent fatigue. Mr. Parry is perhaps the only man that can convey a severe censure without giving offence. Nothing could be more happy than his description of the piano-forte being taught in a few lessons, and of the fatal blunders which young ladies perpetrate when attempting extemporaneous composition. Flattering to the feelings of parents as such productions of imaginary talent may be, young ladies would do well to believe that that they are not quite in good taste to bring before public company. Mr. Parry likewise described very accurately the false style of singing practised by many of our public singers, in which unmeaning cadences and long shakes are introduced, being given with so much effort that you turn away from that which should be beautiful for its apparent ease, fearing some ill consequence to the unfortunate singer. Mr. Parry is a charming artiste, full of wit, and yet good-tempered. He tells us of our faults that we may



amend them. He proves in his own practice what may be done by a steady persevering study, for all that he does is so easy that it must be the result of close application, which always repays and makes the artiste. How much better is this than the uncertain glitter of what is called talent. All honour to real talent, but the false is better got rid of. Mr. Parry's "Singing Master" was most admirably portrayed. His pompous vanity in speaking of his grand opera, had yet the tact and ability as a teacher. Mr. Parry's performance on the piano-forte is no mean resemblance of the great artistes. He has the instrument under his complete command, and with powerful and grand effects he can unite deep feeling and all the varied powers of expression in his mimicries. His performance in two different keys to represent the piano out of tune was a masterly effort; and his imitation of the young lady's display of the first and easiest two lines of "Cramer's Studio, No. 1," was a just satire of misdirected musical education of young ladies, which many parents, during the tour of Mr. John Parry, must have keenly felt. As a mimic and musical funambulist Mr. Parry has no equal, and he deserves the support he receives. One word as to the arrangements. The seats in full two-thirds of the room were ticketed for stalls, and in consequence those who had taken 4s. tickets found themselves placed at the lower end of the room, in a confined space, and with accommodation quite inadequate to the price of the tickets. We mention this matter because we know that great dissatisfaction existed among many of those who had been thus "taken in."—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

BATH.—A crowded room, on Saturday, bore testimony to the popularity of the Pump-room Concerts, and gives promise that the efforts of the management will have the result of again making the Pump-room music one of the prominent attractions of the city. The selection was from *The Barber of Seville* and *Der Freyschütz*; the solos by Miss Ley and Mr. Millar, and the choruses by the Bath Choral Society. Of the general effect of the pieces we can speak in terms of high praise. Miss Ley sang several difficult arias admirably. Mr. Millar, too, was in capital voice. The instrumental music deserves special mention. In addition to the selection from the operas we have indicated, the popular taste was studied, by the introduction of some lighter compositions, of the ballad school. One of these, "Alas, poor child of earth!" by Miss H. G. Willoughby created a favourable impression; while "The Cavalier" procured for Miss Ley a well-deserved encore. Of course, a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Millar's "The Duke." The members of the Harmonic Society were gratified on Friday evening by another excellent performance at the Assembly-rooms. Mr. C. Milsom and Mr. Viner (both counter-tenors, and formerly *attaches*) acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Mr. Duck performed on the concertina a long symphony and accompaniment to a chorus from *William Tell*, and was much applauded. He afterwards executed a fantasia very cleverly. We had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time, the pleasing four-part song, "Green leaves," which obtained a prize for the talented composer, Mr. Bianchi Taylor. It was remarkably well sung by Mrs. Pyne, Master Turner, and Messrs. Miller and B. Taylor, and was unanimously encored. "Some of my heroes" (by R. S. Stevens), was admirably executed by Messrs. Bell, Harper, E. Lansdown, B. Taylor and Tanner. A duet (Glover) "Tell me, where do fairies dwell?" was effectively sung by Miss Gilbert and Mrs. Darby. The first part concluded with the well-known "Bezeftian" (Sir H. Bishop), in which an amateur member (whose bass tones told effectively) gave the solo, "Good people." The second part commenced with Sir J. Stephenson's "Alone on the sea-beaten shore." It was well sung; the applause was continuous. Mrs. Pyne and Mr. B. Taylor delighted the auditory with the duet (by Nicholai), "The Syren." We never heard a more unanimous encore. Mr. Bianchi Taylor's clever glee, "The Gipsy band," concluded the concert.—(*Bath Gazette*, Feb. 12.) Julien was greeted on Saturday with an overflowing audience, allured by such novelties as only himself could provide. The attractions were manifold. First, the conductor himself, with his well-trained band; then the clever and fascinating Jetty Treffz; next, Vivier, who plays so wonderfully on the French horn; and lastly, the French drummers, in the uniform of *la Garde Nationale*. All this was to be enjoyed at so moderate a figure that it would indeed have been surprising had not the public

availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing so much music at so cheap a rate. Consequently, long before the commencement of the overture, every chair was occupied and seats were at a premium. The Concert commenced with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, played with that precision and confidence which combined practice alone can give. Julien's quadrille, "The Hibernian," followed—a spirited *mélange* of many of the well-known airs of Erin. The *andante* from Beethoven's Symphony in D, followed, and was a grateful bit of contrast with the more "ad captandum" features of the concert. Madlle. Jetty Treffz sang "The First Violet," and "The Mountain Daisy." She was encored in both, and substituted "Home, sweet home," and the "Trab, Trab," of universal popularity. "The Great Exhibition Quadrille,"—Julien's last, and the performances of the French drummers, were extraordinary for vigour and unity. The arrangement of the National Anthem, which concludes the quadrille, is spirited and original. It was deservedly called for a second time. In the selection from *Robert le Diable*, one of the gems of the concert, the plaintive solos for the oboe, clarinet, and bassoon, were admirably rendered by those accomplished artists, Lavigne, Sonnenberg, and Winterbottom. The "Cantabile," on the French horn, by Vivier, was a performance of great excellence; this instrument is capable of the finest modulation, and in Vivier's hands its tones were brought out with a fulness and pathos which we never heard surpassed. The sounding of two or more notes at the same time struck us as a very clever feat. Mons. Julien gives a second Concert on Saturday evening (to-night), with an entirely new selection.

GLASGOW.—On Tuesday evening the Philharmonic Society gave their second concert. The Merchant's Hall was better and more fashionably filled than on the previous occasion, and the performances were, if possible, superior. True, we missed the delicious tones of Miss Birch's voice, which, without disparagement to the vocal abilities of the Misses Smith, were scarcely compensated by those of the latter. Herr Muller, who was in excellent voice, seemed more at his ease than when last before the public, and sang in a more effective manner. The instrumental solo performers were Julian Adams on the pianoforte, and Herr Hausman on the violoncello. It is almost unnecessary to criticise the performance of the former gentleman on the pianoforte, as he has acquired such reputation for his mastery over the instrument; that to do so would only be to "gild refined gold." His leadership of the performers was most admirable, and the state of perfection to which he has brought the society, was evinced in their execution of some of the finest compositions of Rossini and Bellini. Of Herr Hausman, it is not too much to say, that his performance on the violoncello was one of the chief beauties of the concert. His style is marked by great purity and delicacy of expression, while in firmness of tone and brilliancy of execution, he has few superiors. The overtures performed by the gentlemen amateurs were executed in a very spirited manner, every passage marking the careful training to which they had subjected themselves, and the benefit they had derived from it. Altogether the concert was of the most agreeable kind, and its success unequivocal. There can be no doubt that the existence of the society will tend much to foster the growing relish for the more finished works of the greatest of our modern composers, and materially aid in elevating the musical taste of the citizens.—*North British Mail*.

SHEFFIELD.—(From a Correspondent.)—The grand concert with Madlle. Angri, M. Stockhausen, Signor S. Tamburini, and Herr Ernst came off on Wednesday evening. The hall was not full, but the attendance was fashionable. M. Stockhausen was unable from illness to sing. Madlle. Angri surprised us by her immense power, and the lower part of her voice is of excellent quality. Signor S. Tamburini disappointed all, not so much in his singing as in his voice; many expected to hear the veritable Tamburini, and therefore missed his once glorious organ. The young Signor, however, sings with feeling and judgment, but lacks power to fill a large room. His "La Douza," and "Largo al Factotum," were therefore ineffective. Of Mr. F. Mori's piano playing too much cannot be said, he is an able accompanist, and indeed generally a first-rate pianist—his touch and tone are perfect. The *A one of the evening*

was Herr Ernst, who electrified his hearers with his Fantasia from *Otello*; it certainly was a delicious piece of playing, so smooth, such feeling, such execution—never since the time of Paganini has such a violinist been heard in Sheffield. The *Carnaval de Venise* sent the whole audience into wild excitement, it decidedly was a magical performance, and I who am not easily moved could not but join the bursts of applause showered upon the mighty magician. The programme was the same as published in your last week's journal, so I do not send it.

### Miscellaneous.

**THE MACREADY BANQUET.**—The interest excited by the public entertainment to be given to Mr. Macready on Saturday (to-day) appears to increase as the day approaches. The large number of applications for tickets that awaited Mr. Charles Dickens, the chairman of the dinner committee, on his arrival in town on Saturday night last, amounting to upwards of 400, rendered it necessary, in order to accommodate as many as possible of those who were anxious to join in this tribute of respect to the great dramatist, to look out for a larger room. The committee accordingly met on Monday morning last at the London Tavern, and made arrangements for having the dinner at the Hall of Commerce, the proprietors of which acted under the circumstances with much liberality. By making the most of the available space in this large hall, upwards of 600 will be accommodated; but the moment it was announced that a further supply of tickets would be issued, the London Tavern was literally besieged by applicants, and in a short time the list of applications amounted to 1,400. The committee then thought themselves of St. Martin's Music-hall, but it was found that the expense of taking down the orchestra and other objections could not be got over, and they resolved to adhere to the arrangement announced by them in the public journals in the early part of last week, of having the entertainment at the Hall of Commerce. The applications during the week at the London Tavern have been so numerous that the proprietors have been compelled to put up a printed notice outside, that "all the tickets for the dinner to Mr. Macready are disposed of." Notwithstanding which persons are still applying, and offering two and three guineas for a ticket. The committee have been reluctantly obliged to abandon their original intention of providing seats for ladies to be admitted with the dessert at a reduced charge, the space at their disposal being all allotted to the holders of dinner-tickets. The hall will, of course, be full, but there will be no inconvenient crowding, and the seats will be so arranged that all present will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the distinguished guest and the speakers. A portion of the dinner will necessarily be cold, as the Hall of Commerce affords no facilities for culinary operations, but the well-known reputation of the London Tavern is a sufficient guarantee that an elegant and substantial entertainment will be placed before the guests. The musical arrangements will be under the direction of Mr. Land, and will include Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Hatton, and several eminent lady vocalists. The Marquis of Clanricarde and many other members of the aristocracy will be present, but a large number whose applications reached the committee too late will be debarred from testifying by their presence their respect for Mr. Macready on this interesting occasion.—*Observer*.

**PIANOFORTE TUNING.**—Messrs. Rousselot and Co. have just issued a prospectus for tuning pianofortes by subscription. The plan seems to offer the advantage of economy, and we have no doubt will succeed.

**MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREE.**—The third and last of these refined and classical entertainments came off on Tuesday, in presence of a fashionable audience. The programme was a good one, and contained some interesting novelties, the most important of which was a trio by Molière, in B flat, op. 27, a masterly composition, played to great perfection by Mr. Sloper, in conjunction with Herr Molière (violin), and M. Rousselot (violin). The trio was much applauded, but the scherzo seemed to be the favorite movement. A *Prelude, Allemande, Menuet and Gigue*, from Sebastian Bach's first *Suite de Pieces*, three of the *Lieder ohne Worte* from the 7th book of Mendelssohn (Posthumous), in D, A,

and B flat, Barcarole (op. 13), *Pensee Fugitive*, (MS.), and Studies in G major and D minor, (MS.) of his own, were the solo performances of Mr. Sloper, and more finished specimens of pianoforte playing in opposite styles could not have been heard. The 2nd book of Molière's melodies, for violin and piano, furnished three examples (those in E minor, B flat, and E major) of these lovely baguettes, which were exquisitely performed by the author and Mr. Sloper; and the Sonata of Beethoven, in G minor, for piano and violoncello (op. 5), executed with great spirit by Mr. Sloper and M. Rousselot completed the instrumental portion of the concert, which was agreeably varied by Miss Dolby, and Mr. Whitworth, in songs from Spohr, Handel, Kücken, and Moscheles.

**M. SCIPION ROUSSELOT'S CHAMBER SOIREE.**—The first of these took place on Wednesday, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The features were two trios in G and D major, for violin, tenor, and violoncello, by Beethoven, which, though among the most curious of the great master's works, are very rarely played. MM. Molière, Goffrie, and Rousselot were the exponents, and the fulness of effect produced was perfectly astonishing, considering the paucity of the means employed. The performance was admirable, and M. Rousselot deserves the highest credit for having brought such hidden gems into the light of day. The other instrumental pieces were Mendelssohn's sonata-duo in D, for piano and violoncello, (M. Alexandre Billet and M. Rousselot), and the same composer's quartet in B minor, for piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello (M. Billet and the three artists already named). Both pieces were capitally rendered. M. Billet's pianoforte playing was greatly admired, and he was most ably supported; the applause was liberal and discriminately bestowed. The performances were varied by Mr. Brandt, who sang the "Adelaida" of Beethoven, and two lieder of Mendelssohn—"Zuleika" and "Auf Flügeln." At the next concert, another of Beethoven's trios will be given. The room was well attended, and everybody seemed satisfied and pleased.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—Mr. Hullah's fourth monthly Concert, on Wednesday week, was very fully attended. The performance was entirely devoted to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the execution of which was highly creditable to all concerned. Mr. Hullah took the times of most of the choruses admirably—the "Thanks be to God" especially, which was all the better for the accelerated speed. The singers were Miss Kearns, Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lockey, Weiss, &c. Mr. Weiss sang the music of *Elijah* with great energy and good taste. Mrs. Enderssohn, a pupil of Sir George Smart, made a very favourable debut, and sang the *soprano* music of the first part exceedingly well. The great song of the second part, however—"Hear ye Israel," and the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy"—were above her physical powers. Mrs. Enderssohn's style is good, as might be expected from a pupil of Sir George Smart, and her voice, though not strong, is agreeable and telling. Mr. Lockey and Miss Williams were unexceptionable. The oratorio received the greatest applause, but Mr. Hullah judiciously refrained from acceding to any of the attempts at extorting encores. At the fifth concert the "Credo" from Sebastian Bach's Mass in B minor is announced. This will be a welcome novelty, but the entire composition would have been more welcome still.

**MR. ELLA'S PRIVATE AMATEUR UNION, BELGRAVIA.**—A most interesting concert took place last week in the patrician neighbourhood of Belgrave Square. A selection of *chefs d'œuvre* of sacred and lyrical music was most effectively executed by a chamber band and choir of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Ella, aided by Mr. Whitworth and a few artists from the opera orchestra.

Mr. W. H. Weiss, and a party consisting of Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mrs. W. H. Weiss, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Travers, and Mr. Latter, are about leaving town for a tour in the provinces.

**AMATEUR MUSIC.**—The Right Hon. Sir George Clerk gave his second concert of the present season on Wednesday last, when the whole of the new music of *Moise* was excellently performed, and several pieces encores. The Rt. Hon. Baronet played the C basso, and all the members of his family took part either in the band or chorus, which together mustered thirty amateurs. The music was expressly adapted for the occasion by Mr. Ella, under whose direction the performance took place.

**ALBONI.**—After her engagement at Madrid, the great *contralto* goes to Barcelona.



**M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.**—The second of these interesting performances took place on Tuesday night, and drew a still more numerous audience of connoisseurs to St. Martin's Hall than that which attended the first. The programme was, at least, of equal interest, although M. Billet departed in one important particular from the printed bill. Emboldened by the great success of Pinto's sonata in A major, which he was the first to introduce in public (at his concerts in St. Martin's Hall, and at his soirées in the Beethoven Rooms), M. Billet announced another sonata of the same composer, equally unknown, and equally beautiful—in E flat minor, No. 1 of the same set. Our disappointment was therefore considerable when we found it changed for the former one in A, which, much as we admire it, was less interesting under the circumstances. M. Billet, as though anxious to atone for the disappointment, played the sonata even better than last year; but he should have explained to his audience his reasons for substituting one for the other. His reputation is too solid to be trifled with, and he must not, like so many *entrepreneurs* of concerts, classical and unclassical, run the risk of being reproached as a breaker of promises. *Verbum sat.* The selection of preludes and fugues which followed was remarkably effective. Scarlatti's "Cat Fugue," rendered with singular vigour, made a great impression; but the movement which preceded it in the same key, being, like the fugue itself, part of a series to which Scarlatti, in his "Suites des Pièces," like Handel, gave the title of "sonata," until Haydn's modification and development imparted a different signification to the term, should not have been ranked under the head "Prelude," which has a distinct character of its own. The prelude and fugue in D, from the set of six, by Mendelssohn, so vividly characteristic of their author, were correctly named, and, independent of their intrinsic beauty, created an extra sensation through the strong contrast of their style of melody, passage, and general treatment, with the example from the old Italian master. M. Billet in his playing found a character for each, which proved his thorough comprehension of both, not merely giving the notes with singular correctness, but adding strong individual expression to the peculiar manner and feeling of the composers. The first part terminated with what we must signalise as one of the finest pieces of execution, as far as mechanism is concerned, that we have heard for a long time, either from M. Billet, or any other pianist. The fantasia in A major, which Sterndale Bennett, when at Leipzig, wrote for and dedicated to Robert Schumann, alias "Eusebius," the most fantastic and original of original and fantastic critics and musicians, is of such enormous difficulty that no pianist has hitherto been found sufficiently courageous and sufficiently ambitious to attempt it in public, the composer himself having refrained, doubtless from that modest feeling which makes him so chary of introducing his own works, beautiful as they are, and admired as they cannot fail to be by all who hear them—whereby the public are losers and Mr. Bennett no gainer. M. Billet, whose talent like his taste and execution, is eclectic, readily undertook the fantasia, and played it to perfection—whereby the audience were gainers and he no loser. His performance was applauded enthusiastically, and the scherzo re-demanded, but M. Billet prudently declined the honour, with the finale, *presto agitato*, still to be executed. The interesting feature of the second part was the very fine sonata, in C minor, from the set of three, Op. 35, which Dussek dedicated to his friend Clementi. Of the beauty and peculiarities of this sonata our readers are well aware, and it is enough to say that M. Billet, who has the credit of having introduced it for the first time in public, was repaid with the loudest applause and a unanimous encore for the rondo finale, not less masterly than vivacious and jocose. A similar compliment was paid to one of the "Pezzi di bravura" of Cipriani Potter, a brilliant and animated piece in the toccata style, which was executed with the utmost volubility and neatness, and pleased unanimously. M. Billet concluded his performance with a selection from the second, fourth, and sixth books of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*.

**MUSIC-HALL, STORE-STREET.**—On Monday evening a concert of a peculiarly interesting nature took place in the above room. Mr. Charles Jefferys, the music publisher, poet, and *entrepreneur*, projected it for the special purpose of exhibiting to the public the boy pianist, Heinrich Werner, whom he has taken under his pro-

tection, and for whose talents, execution, and imagination he feels the most ardent admiration. Certainly Heinrich Werner is an extraordinary boy. According to the memoir, published by Mr. Jefferys, he is only ten years of age, and the fact of a mere child playing, as he did on Monday night, Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," and other *morceaux* of similar difficulty, besides introducing compositions of his own in the shape of a vocal duo and quartette, and an *adagio* and *andante* for the pianoforte, even if they did not betoken any intrinsic excellence, is really astonishing. It is not on Heinrich Werner's pianoforte playing that we lay so much stress, although it is undoubtedly curious and astonishing; but every month, and week, and day sends forth a new pianist prodigy—witness, among recent examples, the last musical "phenomenon," mentioned in the French journals of the current week—and we do not see how much is to be gained by so young a performer playing ever so well, for his years, while we have older performers who can play better. The surprise at juvenile achievements soon wears off, and the mind turns from the wonderful to the pleasing and natural. Miracles lose their power after a first display. However improbable Heinrich Werner's playing may be even now, it must take him many years before he can compete with accomplished and experienced pianists, unless nature should step out of her way, and add the powers of a man to the capacity of a boy. But we must do justice to the performance of Heinrich Werner, boy though he be. He plays with remarkable vigour and facility, and displays an energy that would not disgrace one of older growth. On his first appearance in public in England, at the Grand National Concerts in her Majesty's theatre, the performance of Heinrich Werner somewhat disappointed the sanguine expectations of his audience; but the boy was nervous, did not play with his wonted self-possession, and consequently failed to make the impression augured of him. His playing on Monday night, however, at the Store-street Rooms, was a different affair entirely. The boy pianist felt neither excited nor incapable, and succeeded in creating real enthusiasm. His first essay was the "Recollections of Ireland," a piece demanding great strength and dexterity of finger, in which he was rapturously encored. Instead of repeating it, Master Werner substituted a study in arpeggios, which he played admirably, without taking into consideration his extreme youth, diminutive size, or any other drawback whatever. This was decidedly his most perfect performance of the evening. Beethoven's *andante* in F, Op. 35, and a sonata of Mozart, for four hands, with Miss Theresa Jefferys, were the other pieces. Beethoven's *andante* would have been heard to greater advantage had Master Werner taken fewer liberties with the time. The last performance was excellent, the juvenile pianist having found a most efficient and zealous coadjutor in Miss Theresa Jefferys, a very young and promising pianist, who afforded the utmost gratification by her elegant style and musicianlike feeling. The compositions of Heinrich Werner are to us matters of more interest than his playing. The vocal quartet displayed a clearness of part writing we should hardly have looked for in a child of ten years old; and both the *andante* and *adagio* showed a facility in composing for the piano, which would seem to indicate as much experience as natural readiness. The dramatic duet, "Peace and War," though a less striking specimen of talent, declared a strong feeling for the school of music, which may eventually be turned to the best advantage. The performance and the compositions of Master Werner are both worthy the attention of the musical world, and should he give another concert at the Store-street Rooms, we urge our readers not to lose the opportunity of hearing and judging for themselves.

**MADAME ANNA THILLON** and **MR. HUDSON**, with **MR. EDWARD LODER**, have returned to London from the provinces, where, for several weeks they have been giving their new entertainment with signal success. The fascinating Anna has completely enchanted the provincials.

**MR. CLEMENT WHITE** has returned to London from Paris.

THE inauguration of the Organ presented by her Majesty to the people of Brighton is fixed for next Thursday, at the Pavilion. Mr. Surman is engaged to conduct the proceedings.

**MR. W. SHELMEIDINE**, from Melton Mowbray, has been appointed organist to the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham. There were thirty-nine candidates.

**EXETER HALL.**—As we have been favored by the publishers, Messrs. Addison and Co., with a copy of the score of *David*, we shall confine ourselves at present to a simple notification of its great success on Monday night, when it was executed in the presence of a crowded audience at Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Misses Birch and Williams, and Messrs. Lockety, Whitworth, and Weiss. The band, nearly ninety in number, was selected from our best orchestral players; and the chorus, assisted by many from the ranks of the Sacred Harmonic Society, was very numerous and powerful. Mr. Blagrove led the band, Mr. George Cooper presided at the organ (which was continually ciphering, much to the discomfiture of that clever musician), and Mr. Charles Horsley, the composer of the oratorio, conducted. The performance, although necessarily imperfect, there having been only one full rehearsal, went off with amazing spirit. A grand march, at the beginning of the second part, was loudly encored and the greatest applause was bestowed upon the majority of the pieces. Mr. Horsley was enthusiastically received, and had continually during the evening to turn and bow to the audience, who expressed their approval by constant and reiterated plaudits. We never remember a more flattering demonstration. We shall reserve our opinion of the music until a future occasion, when it has received all the attention we can bestow on it. It is too ambitious and elaborate a composition to be dismissed summarily. Meanwhile, we may add that the singers exerted themselves with heart and soul; that Mr. Lockety and Miss Williams sang to perfection; and that Miss Birch took the most commendable pains with a very difficult part.

**DRAGONETTI.**—The following decree of the Court of Chancery in reference to the estate of the late celebrated contrabasso player, will no doubt prove of interest to our readers:—

"Whereas, by the Decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a cause of 'Heath v. Chapman,' it was referred to Nassau William Senior, Esq., one of the Masters of the said Court, to enquire of what country Domenico Dragonetti, the testator in the pleadings of this cause named, (late of 4, Leicester-square, in the city of Westminster and county of Middlesex, and who died on the 16th day of April, 1846), was a native, and where he was domiciled, and whether he left any and what relations or relation of his blood, and who, according to the laws in force in the country in which the said Master shall find the said testator to have been domiciled for regulating the succession to the estate and effects of persons dying intestate, would have been entitled at the said testator's decease to his personal estate (if any) left undisposed of, and who was or were the next of kin of the said testator at the time of his death, according to the laws in force in this country for the distribution of the effects of persons dying intestate, and whether any or either of such persons as are herein before inquired after are or is since dead, and if so who are or is now the legal personal representatives or representative of such person or persons;—such persons as aforesaid are, by their solicitors, on or before the first day of May, 1851, to come in before the said Master, at his chambers, in Southampton buildings, Chancery-lane, London, and leave their claims, and are, on or before the 13th day of May, 1851, to prove their kindred, and make out their claims; or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded the benefit of the said decree.

SAMUEL APPELBY, Plaintiff's Solicitor,  
6, Harpur-street, Red Lion-square.

Mr. ROBERT P. STEWART, Organist to Christ Church Cathedral, has obtained the prize offered by Novello, of Dean-street, Soho, for the best composition of four voices, first soprano, second soprano, tenor and bass; adapted to words entitled, "The Hay-maker's Song."

HERB KROFF, the vocalist, from Prague, will make his first appearance in public this season at Mr. Kiallmark's soirée on Monday evening.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—(From a Contemporary.)—M. Billet has re-commenced his annual soirées of classical pianoforte music at St. Martin's Hall. The second performance took place last night before a crowded audience. The programme contained several novelties, and was altogether interesting. It began with the beautiful sonata in A major of Pinto, which produced

so marked a sensation last year, and acted as a stimulus for other pianists to turn their attention to the works of that highly-gifted composer, who had fallen into undeserved neglect. This was followed by a selection of preludes and fugues, by Scarlatti and Mendelssohn, in which the characteristics of the ancient and modern schools were effectively compared, the famous "Cat fugue" of the old Italian contrasting boldly with the more finished and elegant example of the modern German master (No. 2 of the "Six Preludes and Fugues" in D). Sterndale Bennett's fantasia in A major, Op. 16, was the prominent feature in the programme. This remarkable production was originally published at Leipzig, and appropriately dedicated to the romantic and eccentric Robert Schumann, critic, musician, and supereminently "æsthetic," who represents the German mode of thinking on matters of art perhaps, more completely in his especial department, than any philosophical musician of the day. Sterndale Bennett could not have hit more thoroughly the peculiar taste of Schumann, who, under the sobriquet of "Eusebius," won for himself a reputation as a critic scarcely inferior to that of Hoffman. It is wild, capricious, elaborate, and original as himself; and, although an early work of its composer, one of the most complex and difficult solo pieces in the whole repertoire of the pianoforte. Nothing, however, would seem to be too difficult for M. Billet, who, in addition to the fire and energy of his playing, has a marvellous dexterity of finger. We have rarely heard a finer piece of execution. Equally good in its way was the sonata in C minor of Dussek (from Op. 35, dedicated to Clementi) one of the capital efforts of that great master. The graceful *adagio* was loudly applauded, and the *rondo finale*, a pleasant combination of the pastoral and grotesque, was encored with acclamations. One of the *Pezzi di Bravura* of Cipriani Potter, the founder and chief of the present rapidly-progressing school of English pianoforte-playing and composition, met with a similar compliment. It was in the *toccata* style, full of brilliant passages, and conducted with that studied attention to perfect form which is a distinguishing characteristic of its author. M. Billet concluded with an attractive series of *Lieder ohne Worte*, from the 1st, 4th, and 6th book of Mendelssohn. The performance was as short as it was agreeable and instructive, and it was listened to with undiminished attention and applause from first to last. The third and last concert of the series is announced for Tuesday the 11th of March.

### Advertisements.

#### CHEAP SYSTEM FOR TUNING PIANOFORTES, by

Subscription.—In London: terms—per annum, once a month, 12s.; per three quarters, 10s.; per two quarters, 8s.; per one quarter, 5s. Out of London, 10 miles round, the terms will be double. This new system gives both the advantages of cheapness and having the instrument regularly kept in tune and good order. Prospectuses and subscriptions to be had of Messrs. ROSSIGNOL and Co., 60, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

### HEALTH WHERE IT IS SOUGHT!

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 19th of January, 1850. To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

(Signed)

MATTHEW HARVEY.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:—  

Asthenia	Constipation of the Bowels	Fever of all kinds	Liver complaints	Tumours
Bilious	Com-Consumption	Fits	Lumbago	Ulcers
plaints	Debility	Gout	Rheumatism	Worms of all kinds
Blotches on the Dropsy	Head-ache	Scrofula or King's Evil	Weakness, from whatever cause	&c., &c.
Skin	Indigestion	Sore Throats		
Bowel complaints	Erysipelas	Jaundice		
Colic				

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple-bar, London, and most all respectable Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 44s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.



**MR. FRANK MORI,**

NOW on a tour with M. ERNST, will receive Pupils in Singing, on his return to Town next week.—Feb. 26th. Address, Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**HERR ERNST**

BEING absent on a PROVINCIAL TOUR, requests that all Letters, Communications, and Engagements during his absence from town, may be addressed to Herr Ernst, under cover to

**M. FRANK,**

12, MARGARET STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

**MISS CATHERINE HAYES.**

THE Public is respectfully informed that Miss Hayes will return to London for the Season after the fulfilment of her engagement at Rome. Her departure for America is fixed for the early part of Autumn. All letters and communications to be addressed to the care of Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**MR. ROBERT BARNETT'S WORKS.**

"USEFUL PRACTICE" and "Sonatas, Rondos, and Airs," for the Pianoforte (new Editions just published); being works selected from the best Authors, ancient and modern, Edited by ROBERT BARNETT (used at the Royal Academy of Music, and at the Queen's Colleges). These and all the other works of Mr. ROBERT BARNETT, formerly published by W. COVENTRY, of Dean Street, are now published by Messrs. ADDISON & HOLMES, 210, Regent Street, and Messrs. LEADER & COCK, 63, New Bond Street, corner of Brook Street.

**MR. JOHN THOMAS,**

PRINCIPAL Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has the honour to announce that he has returned to London, and that his season for giving instruction on the Harp has now commenced.

He begs also to state that he has established CLASSES for instruction in

**HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.**

One Class, consisting of Ladies only, meets on Wednesdays; and another, of Gentlemen, on Fridays. The lessons commence each evening at 7 o'clock.

All communications from those desirous of either taking private lessons, or of joining the classes, to be forwarded to Mr. Thomas, at his residence, No. 27, GRAFTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

**MISS CATHERINE HAYES**

AND

**Mdlle. JENNY LIND,**

THE only English Ballads sung by the above distinguished vocalists are, "Take this lute," by Biondi; "Oh, summer morn," by Meyerbeer; and the "Lonely Rose," by Balfe, sung by Mdlle. Lind; "Those happy days are gone," by Laveny; "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace; "O, sing to me," by Osborne; and "My last thoughts are of thee," by Maynard, sung by Miss Hayes.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**COMPOSITIONS BY E. SILAS.****O SALUTARIS HOSTIA, Sacred Song.**

SOLO, for Violoncello, with orchestra or pianoforte accompaniment.

CAPRICE No. 1, for the pianoforte.

LES FAUNALES, Caprice No. 2.

PENSEES FUGITIVES, for the pianoforte.

NOCTURNE, for the pianoforte.

ROMANCE SANS PAROLES.

TRIO for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello.

In the Press.

CONCERT STUCK, for Pianoforte and Orchestra.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**BLUMENTHAL'S LAST PIANOFORTE WORKS.****NOCTURNE IMPROMPTU**

LES DEUX ANGES, MORCEAU CARACTERISTIQUE 3s. 6d.

DEUX VALSES 2s. 6d.

LA PLAINT, Ballade 3s. 6d.

L'EAU DORMANTE 3s. 6d.

THREE MAZURKAS 3s. 6d.

NOCTURNE 3s. 6d.

SCENE DE BALLET 3s. 6d.

PETE COSAQUE, Caprice 3s. 6d.

THREE MELODIES 3s. 6d.

LA SOURCE 3s. 6d.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**LA GORLITZA.**

NEW DANCE, by J. G. CALLCOTT.—Price Two Shillings. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent Street.

**NOVELLO'S EDITION.**

MOZART'S Pianoforte Works, with and without Accompaniments.—Edited by C. POTTER.—On 1st March, Part I, price 4s. 6d., containing 48 pages. A similar part on 15th and 1st of each Month, to be completed in Thirty Fortnightly Parts. Now ready, 9 vols., bound, price £7 7s., or 74 pieces at various prices. Thematic Catalogues, gratis, at J. ALFRED NOVELLO'S, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 24, Poultry.

**NEW SONG.—"CONTENTMENT."**

COMPOSED by EDWARD DEANE.—Price Two Shillings and Sixpence. Also by the same composer, FOUR ROMANCES for the Pianoforte, price Three Shillings.

London: WESSSEL &amp; Co., 229, Regent Street.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.**

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of this Society, will be held in the FREEMASON'S HALL, on FRIDAY, March 7. President of the day the Right Hon. the Earl of CARLISLE. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be had at the Freemason's Tavern.

**BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.**

MR. S. ROUSSELOT respectfully announces that the Society will resume the six Meetings, at 27, Queen Ann Street, on Wednesday, April the 2nd; and that there will be also four Morning Performances at Hanover Square Rooms, on the alternate week with the six nights. Early notices are requested from members as preference will be given to former Subscribers. Subscriptions for the six nights, Two Guineas; for the four mornings, One Guinea and a Half; for the ten performances together, Three Guineas. To be had of Messrs. ROUSSELOT & Co., 66, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

**ROYAL MUSIC HALL, ADELAIDE STREET, STRAND.****GREAT SUCCESS OF THE ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERTS.**

Sig. MONTELLI'S Tenth Concert and last but two of the First Series will take place on MONDAY, March 3rd. First appearance of Mr. Henry Haigh, and Sig. Agosti, with Full Band and Italian Chorus. Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Upper Balcony and Promenade, 1s. Doors open at half-past seven. Concert commences at Eight precisely. All particulars may be obtained of Mr. ROBT. W. OLLIVIER, Concert Agent, 19, Old Bond Street. Programme varied every evening.

**DENT'S IMPROVED WATCHES AND CLOCKS.**

E. J. DENT, Watch and Clock Maker, by distinct appointment to the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia, most respectfully solicits from the public an inspection of his extensive STOCK OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS, embracing all the late modern improvements at the most economical charges. Ladies' Gold Watches with gold dial, jewelled in four ho'es, 3 guineas; Gentlemen's, with enamelled dials, 10 guineas; Youth's Silver Watches, 4 guineas. Warranted accurate-going Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes 6 guineas.—E. J. Dent, 82, Strand; 33, Cockspur-street; and 31, Royal Exchange (Clock Tower Area).

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL, 89, LONG ACRE.**

M. ALEXANDRE BILET begs to announce that the last of his series of THREE EVENING PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in illustration of the Works of the great Composers, will take place on Tuesday, March 11th. To commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tickets for a Single Concert, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d. To be had at St. Martin's Hall; of WESSSEL and Co., 229, Regent Street, and the principal Music Publishers.

**PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE.**

1. Sonata in B minor, Op. 40 (Dedicated to CHERUBINI) CLEMENTI
2. {Prelude & Fugue in F BACH
3. {Prelude & Fugue in E minor MENDELSSOHN.
3. Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106. BEETHOVEN.
5. Andante con Variazioni in B flat, Op. 89 (Posth.) MENDELSSOHN.
5. Works, No 11)
5. Rondo in A minor MOZART.
6. Selection of Studies:
  - C minor HUMMEL.
  - E flat MACFARREN.
  - D minor HILLER.
  - D flat major HENSEL.
  - A minor THALBERG.

# HER MAJESTY'S



# THEATRE, 1851.

THE following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Subscribers, and Patrons of the Opera. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made, may be considered not unworthy of the forthcoming Brilliant Season, and of the high reputation and character of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

## ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA:—

SOPRANI of high merit, who will appear for the first time in England, are

**MADLLE CAROLINE DUPREZ,**

Of the Italian Opera, Paris,

**MADLLE. ALAYMO,**

Of the Pergola, Florence, and Principal Theatres of Italy; and

**MADAME BARBIERE NINI,**

Of the Royal Theatre of Turin, the Pergola, Florence, and all the principal Theatres of Italy;

**MADLLE. FELLER,**

**MADLLE. ZAGNOLI.**

The following Artists have been re-engaged:

**MADAME SONTAG,** **MADLLE. PARODI,**

**MADAME GIULIANI,** **MADLLE IDA BERTRAND,**

and

**MADAME FIORENTINI,**

Who appeared at the close of last Season.

AN ENGAGEMENT HAS ALSO BEEN MADE, FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS, WITH

**MADLLE ALBONI.**

**SIGNOR GARDONI,**

**SIGNOR SCOTTI,**

(His first appearance.)

**MR. SIMS REEVES, AND SIGNOR CALZOLARI.**

**SIGNOR COLLETTI,**

**SIGNOR FERRANTI,**

**SIGNOR SCAPINI,**

(Of the Italian Opera, Paris, their first appearance.)

**SIGNOR F. LABLACHE.**

**SIGNOR LORENZO,**

**SIGNOR CASANOVA,**

(Of the Italian Opera, Paris. His first appearance.)

AND

**SIGNOR LABLACHE.**

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS OF GREAT INTEREST ARE IN PROGRESS.

Director of the Music, and Conductor,

**M. BALFE.**

Leader of the Orchestra

**M. TOLBEQUE.**

Maitre de Chant des Chœurs

**M. NADAUD.**

Maitre de Chant des Chœurs

**HERR GANZ.**

GREAT CARE HAS BEEN USED IN THE SELECTION OF THE ORCHESTRA.

The effect of the Choruses will be increased by the addition of several Choristers from Germany.

THE BEST FOUNDED HOPES ARE ENTERTAINED THAT

**M. MEYERBEER**

Will superintend the production of a

**NEW GRAND OPERA,**

On which the Great Composer is at present engaged.

THIS OPERA WILL COMPRISE SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING MELODIES OF THE "CAMP DE SILESIE."

An Entirely NEW GRAND OPERA, Composed by

**M. THALBERG,**

The Libretto by

**M. SCRIBE,**

will shortly be produced; and a NEW OPERA by

**M. AUER,**

Now composing Expressly for

**MADLLE. ALBONI.**

A FORTHCOMING WORK OF

**DONIZETTI**

Has likewise been secured.

VARIOUS NOVELTIES, in addition to the most admired Works of the Repertoire, will be produced on a scale of completeness adapted to the

**BRILLIANT SEASON OF 1851.**

**MADAME FIORENTINI** will appear at the opening of the Theatre, in

**AUBER'S OPERA OF GUSTAVUS.**

**MADemoiselle CAROLINE DUPREZ**

Will appear the first week in April.

**MADAME SONTAG**

Will appear immediately after Easter.

**MADemoiselle ALAYMO**

Will also appear immediately after Easter.

## ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE BALLET.

**MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI,**

**MADLLE. AMALIA FERRARIS, MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI,**

**MADLLE. PETIT STEPHAN,**

**MESDLES. TEDESCHI, MATHILDE, ALLEGRI, and**

Their First Appearance:

**MESDLES. ROSA, AUSUNDON, JULIENNE, LAMOUREUX, LUCILE, EMILIE, and JENNY PASCALES, and**

**MADLLE. CAROLINA ROSATI,**

**M. PAUL TAGLIONI, M. GOSSELIN, M. CHARLES.**

And a numerous CORPS DE BALLET, selected from the French, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, and English Corps de Ballet.

THE LIBRETTO OF A NEW GRAND POETICAL BALLET,

To be produced early in the Season, has been supplied by

**M. DE ST. GEORGES.**

It will include the whole available talent of the Ballet; and to give effect to its production, an engagement has been effected with the greatest Dramatic Mime of Italy,

**MADemoiselle MONTI.**

MAITRE DE BALLET . . . . . **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

SOUS MAITRE DE BALLET . . . . . **M. GOSSELIN.**

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE . . . . . **M. PETIT.**

COMPOSERS OF THE BALLET MUSIC, **SIG. PUGNI & MR. E. J. LODER.**

PRINCIPAL ARTIST TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, **MR. CHARLES MARSHALL.**

**MADLLE. FERRARIS**

Will appear at the opening of the Theatre in a New Ballet, composed expressly for her by **M. PAUL TAGLIONI.**

**MADLLE. CARLOTTA GRISI**

Will appear at the beginning of April, in the character of **ARIEL**, in the New Opera of **LA TEMPESTE.**

**MADLLE. ROSATI AND MADLLE. MARIE TAGLIONI**

Will appear immediately after Easter.

Other arrangements are in progress. The Subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season. The Theatre has been thoroughly renovated, and Artists of great merit are now employed on the Decorations.

The Season will open early in March, with (First time at this Theatre) **Auber's Opera of**

**GUSTAVUS,**

In which **Madame Fiorentini, Madlle. Feller, and Signor Calzolari, will appear.**

An entirely New Ballet, by **M. Paul Taglioni, entitled**

**L'ILE DES AMOURS.**

Principal parts by **Madlle. A. Ferraris, Mesdles. Tedeschi, Ausundon, &c., and M. Paul Taglioni.**

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, by **MICHAEL SAMUEL MYERS, of No. 3 Studley Villas Studley Road, Clapham Road, in the parish of Lambeth, at the office of MYERS and Co., 37, King Street, Covent Garden, in the parish of St. Paul, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 1, 1851.**